

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 3. NO. 55

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 107

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner, J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month. Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month. Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson. Attorney—J. P. Haney. Sheriff—H. B. Brown. Treasurer—W. M. Gardner. Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker. Assessor—Whitt Kemplin. Coroner—C. F. Lykins. Surveyor—M. P. Turner. Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett. Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,

County Attorney,
GENERAL PRACTICE,
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,
West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,

LAWYER,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
Office in
Commercial Bank Building

RYLAND C. MUSICK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
JACKSON, KY.

State and Federal practice, Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

COTTE & HOVERMALE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

NICKELL & CISCO,
LAWYERS,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

Wanted.

A copy of Bill Brown's confession, in good state of preservation.

These ball score cards, with names of team, printed at this office. We have a number of W. cards printed and in

A Pertinent Statement.

Hon. Robert H. Winn, in a graceful and candid statement, which is reproduced in this issue of the Herald, has withdrawn from the race for the nomination for Appellate Judge in this District.

This leaves the race, if RACE it can now be termed, between Judge Kirk and Mr. Theodore Blakey.

The personnel of the Appellate Court is a matter of supreme importance, and should be of grave concern, to the people of the mountains. Nine-tenths of the cases carried to the Court of Appeals from this district originate in the Mountain Counties. Nine-tenths of the questions of substantive law presented by this District for settlement by that Court deal with conditions peculiar to the mountain section. We are, so to speak, in a state of transition—passing from a period of apathy to one of activity. At this stage of our development we are daily grappling with the difficulty of applying new methods to old conditions. Many of the questions that our Courts deal with are new, but they must be settled with relation to pre-existing conditions. The people have much at stake. If ever there was a time when they need a man on the bench of the Court of Appeals who understands conditions in the mountains, that time is now. Important to the settlement of every case is an intelligent grasp of the settings, the surrounding circumstances. No amount of legal erudition, of technical knowledge in the abstract, will dispense with the necessity of a thorough understanding of the case in all its bearings. Judge Kirk fills all the requirements of an Appellate Judge. He is the champion of man and Judge the people of this District need on that Bench at this time. He is a ripe scholar, trained, not only in the practice, but in the dispensation of the law. He is clean, honest, fearless and fair. He knows mountain people as perhaps no other man in the District knows them. His remarkably successful career on the Circuit Court Bench has demonstrated his fitness for judicial service. His eminent qualifications for the place have never been, and cannot be, questioned. It is not every man, nor every good Lawyer, that is constituted to make a good Judge. Adaptability to such service can only be proven by trial. Judge Kirk has been tried as Judge and proven competent. We take no chances on him. We have often thought that it ought to be one of the qualifications required of an Appellate Judge that he shall have served as Judge of some inferior Court. And whether this be proper or not, it is the rule, subject to FEW exceptions, that the Appellate Judges are selected from men who have rendered service on the Circuit Court Bench.

On the other hand, while we entertain the kindest feelings and highest regard for Mr. Blakey as a man, it is just to him and the people of the District to observe that he has had no training for such a position. He is inexperienced and untried in that field of labor. He might make an excellent Judge. He might not. His contention that he ought to be nominated and elected because Judge Kirk has a "job" and he has none, is not, in our humble judgment, a proper platform upon which to make a race for the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals with its grave responsibilities, and requiring, as it does, the highest order of intellect and long technical training. It is not the character of office that is usually bestowed merely for the purpose of furnishing employment. Such consideration should, we think, have no influence in deciding this race. The test, and the only test, should be, "who BEST can serve" the people of the State in that high position.

That the preference of the people of the District is Judge Kirk is, we think, obvious to every dispassionate and disinterested observer. In truth, Mr. Blakey's last published letter to Judge Kirk is, in effect, an admission of impending defeat. Then why the worry, the turmoil, the expense of a race, the result of which is already apparent. Mr. Blakey has the opportunity of setting a wholesome example and proving his loyalty as a party man, which he claims to be, by gracefully bowing to the majority of the Republicans of the District now, and thus obviating the necessity of a race (which it is plain can have but one result), solidifying the party in the District and making unanimous the selection of the candidate that the people of the District prefer.—Paintsville Herald.

Circuit Court.

Circuit Court convened Monday morning with Judge J. B. Hannah on the bench and Commonwealth Attorney Jno. M. Waugh on hand ready to do the prosecuting stunts. The Court's instructions to the Grand Jury were strong and explicit. The penal docket is heavy but the processes seem to not have been well executed. A great many of the defendants having changed locations since indictments were found against them. Up to this time have been a member of misdemeanors tried and some pretty stiff fines imposed.

The following are the pitiful jurors: P. E. Gullett, Jeff Bailey, Doyle McClure, G. C. Nickell, Thos. Davis, J. M. Cecil, Harlan McClain, F. F. Cecil, M. M. Wells, John S. Carter, John Brooks, Jno. A. McKinzie, Perry M. Lather, Ross, M. J. Elam, Nealy Webb, Lenox Swango, Ed Cecil, R. E. Caudill, Smith Nickell, H. C. Elkins, Floyd Steel, Joe Osborne and C. C. Maxey.

The following compose the grand jury: W. G. Blair, foreman, A. M. Griffiths, W. M. Pack, Monroe Brown, Franklin Ratliff, John Strickland, B. P. Kash, Amy Amyx, B. F. Blankenship, Green Sergeant, J. W. Cox and Roll Rose.

Where hogs are fed on a farm, a good practice, but little followed, is to fence off a portion of the corn field with a temporary fence and let the hogs do the harvesting of the crop. Unless the fall is very wet, there is scarcely any waste of grain and it will be entirely satisfactory. The stover, of course, will be largely wasted, but the hogs will even eat some of this before it becomes too dry. The expense of cutting and husking is avoided and the droppings of the animals are well distributed over the fields. As manure from hogs fed in a lot or pen is usually wasted, there is a decided advantage from this standpoint.

If cowpeas or soy beans are sown in the corn after the last cultivation, an additional amount of feed may be secured. Or if rye is sown early in September, the young growth would prove a valuable addition to the corn diet.

In reference to the temporary fence, it is claimed by some that woven-wire fencing fastened to the hills in a row of corn will prove entirely effective in confining the hogs.—Home and Farm

Public Speaking.

Hon. Theo. B. Blakey, Republican candidate for Appellate Judge in this the 7th Appellate District of Kentucky, will address the voters of Morgan County in the interest of his candidacy on Monday, July 8, County Court day, at West Liberty. Every body is invited. 106, 3t.

We want your job work.

Local and Personal.

Judge O. H. Pollard, of Jackson, is here on legal business.

Miss Nancy Bays, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. A. N. Cisco and Boyd Whitt.

Dr. J. C. Wheeler and family, of Caney, visited Dr. W. H. Wheeler and family last week.

W-A. Duncan is in Winchester on business.

Ellis Ward, of Ezel, called in to see us while in town Monday.

Fred Brown, of Lee City, was in town Tuesday and paid us a visit.

Miss Josephine McGuire, of Jackson, is the guest of Miss Lula Bell Manker.

Mrs. Dennie Carter, of Clearfield, is visiting the family of Dr. B. F. Carter this week.

Hugh Minor and M. J. Murphy, of Cannel City, attended Circuit Court the first of the week.

Miss Alma Clayton, who has been visiting here for some weeks left for her home at Morehead last week.

Graham's Camp ball team defeated the Wrigley boys on the West Liberty diamond Saturday. Score—13-7.

W. L. Hammond and wife, of Caney, are the guests of Mrs. Hammond's father, G. W. Phillips, this week.

A crowd of young people from town spent the day with Miss Katie Maxey Sunday, and had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. W. G. Franklin and children, Jesse, Durward, Nell, and Georgia, are visiting Mrs. Franklin's mother, Mrs. Stafford, at Staffordville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Fogg, of Paintsville, are in town this week. Mr. Fogg is attending to his law practice and Mrs. Fogg visiting old friends.

Uncle John Barker, of Malone, one of our valued patrons came in to see us Monday. Call again Mr. Barker—you will either find our door wide open or the latch-string hanging within easy reach.

S. M. Lykins, deputy warden of the Frankfort Penitentiary is here this week attending Court. Sam has the same big hearty guffaw which always tells when he comes to town.

The following ladies were pleasant callers at the courier office Tuesday evening: Mesdames Rebecca Collins and H. T. Dyer, Misses Jane Cassidy, Effie Belle Blair and Fleeta Hovermale.

We are compelled, for want of space to omit an account of the meeting of the Mountain Press Association, which was held at Torrent last Friday and Saturday. Full account will follow next week.

GRASSY CREEK

R. C. Gevedon and wife have returned from a visit to Wolfe county.

W. L. Gevedon, J. L. Johnson and Claud McClure have gone to Richmond to attend the dedication of a Baptist church.

On the 18th inst. a little two year old girl of Western Peyton was drowned here. She had attempted to follow some of the family, evidently, and fell in the creek. On being missed a search was instituted and the child's body was found in the creek.

Esq. T. H. Testerman has been seriously ill for several days, but is much improved.

Miss Katie McClure is visiting her grandfather, Dr. B. F. McClure, in Bourbon county.

L. P. Haney has purchased of J. H. Gose his interest in the saw mill of Gose & Ayers on Buck branch.

FAIR PLAY.

GET THESE Money-making Secrets WITH Farm Journal

For \$1.00 you can get now not only the FARM JOURNAL for FOUR full years, but also

your choice of any one of the famous booklets, "Money-making Secrets," which other people have bought by the HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Just note what the information given in one of these booklets, "The Million Egg-Farm," did for Robert Liddle, a clerk of Scranton, Pa. In May, 1910, Robert bought 2300 day-old chicks. He spent just one week studying the methods now given in this book,—his only preparation for the business. Result—this "greenhorn" raised 95 per cent. of all his chicks, and 1350 of them were pullets. ("Poultry Secrets" tells you this secret.) In less than seven months he was getting 425 eggs daily, and selling them at 58 cents a dozen. His feed cost averaged \$4.00 a day, leaving him OVER \$17.00 A DAY PROFIT,—and this before all his pullets had begun laying.

Isn't "Money-making Secrets" a good name for such booklets?

Read what people say of the other booklets, and of the FARM JOURNAL itself:—

"I find your Egg-Book worth untold dollars," says Roy Chaney, Illinois. "What it tells would take a beginner years to learn."

"I am much pleased with the Butter Book," writes F. J. Dickson, Illinois. "and would like to know how I could secure 300 copies, one for each patron of our creamery."

"Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. Wagoner, Penna.

"If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-Book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says F. W. Massena, New York.

T. F. McCrea, a missionary in China, writes, "I found Garden Gold a great help in my garden this summer. I lost my health in the great famine, trying to save the starving Chinese, and I am trying to get it back by getting near to the soil. After a long tussle with the Chinese language and mission problems, it is a great rest to get out with the vegetables, trees, chickens, etc. I am saving money and regaining my health. My wife and I both find FARM JOURNAL indispensable."

"The FARM JOURNAL beats them all," writes T. H. Porter, Penna. "Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription."

"One year I took another agricultural paper," says N. M. Gladwin, Washington. "and it took a whole column to tell what FARM JOURNAL tells in one paragraph."

"I was very greatly helped by your garden page," writes Mrs. Joe Lawrence, Saskatchewan. "I was never successful in growing cabbage until last summer, when I tried the FARM JOURNAL way. Now I have more than I need to use."

"FARM JOURNAL was a regular visitor at my boyhood home," writes Dr. William Davis, New Jersey. "When the first copy came, it carried me back ten years, and I felt a boy again. I shall never be without it again—I want home to seem like home. When it arrives, I feel the gladness jump right into me. I begin on the first page and read to my wife until half-past ten, and all through the month I drink of its cream. You must work hard to keep it so rich."

"FARM JOURNAL is good for the man behind the counter, as well as the man in the field," says J. I. Sloan, a Virginia bank clerk.

"If I could get as good interest on every dollar as I get from the FARM JOURNAL, I would soon be a millionaire," says A. W. Writzer, Penna.

Farm Journal \$4.00 full years, with any one of the booklets, both for \$1.00

FARM JOURNAL, 333 N. Clifton St., Philadelphia

Write for free sample copy, with premiums to club agents.



"MONEY-MAKING SECRETS."

These booklets are 6 by 9 inches, all profusely illustrated.

POULTRY SECRETS is a great collection of discoveries and methods of successful poultrymen, long jealously guarded. It gives Felch's famous mating chart, the Curtis method of getting one-half more pullets than cockerels, Boyer's method of insuring fertility, with priceless secrets of mating, breeding, feed and feeding, how to produce winter eggs, etc.

HORSE SECRETS exposes all the methods of "bitching," "plugging," cocaine and gasolene doping, and other tricks of "gyps" and swindlers, and enables any one to tell an unsound horse. It also gives many valuable training, feeding, breeding and veterinary secrets.

THE MILLION EGG-FARM gives the methods by which J. M. Foster makes over \$18,000 a year, mainly from eggs. All back-yard chicken-raisers should learn about the "Rancoeca Unit," and how Foster FEEDS his hens to make them produce such quantities of eggs, especially in winter.

STRAWBERRY SECRETS tells how you can have the finest fall-bearing strawberries almost until snow flies. It gives you the fruits of ten years' work and study of experts in this new industry. It reveals the secrets of fertilizing and blossoming to produce berries in the fall, tells inside facts about varieties, how to get three crops in two years, how one grower gets 10,000 quarts an acre and nets 25 cents a quart, etc.

L. J. Farmer, the famous berry man, says, "Any one who can grow ordinary strawberries can, if they read this book, grow fall berries almost anywhere."

CORN SECRETS, the great new hand-book of Prof. Holden, the "Corn King," tells how to get ten to twenty bushels more per acre of corn rich in protein and the best stock-feeding elements. Pictures make every process plain.

THE "BUTTER BOOK" tells of seven cows that produced half a ton of butter each per year (40 pounds is the average). An eye-opener for dairymen. Get it, weed out your poor cows, and turn good ones into record-breakers.

GARDEN GOLD shows how to make your back-yard supply fresh vegetables and fruit, how to cut down your grocery bills, keep a better table, and get cash for your surplus, and just HOW they do everything.

DUCK DOLLARS tells how the great Weber duck-farm near Boston makes every year 50 cents each on 40,000 ducklings. Tells why ducks pay them better than chickens, and just HOW they do everything.

TURKEY SECRETS, the latest authority on turkey-raising, discloses fully the methods of Horace Vane, the famous Rhode Island "turkey-man," who supplies the wonderful Thanksgiving turkeys for the White House. It tells how to raise, to get eggs, to hatch, to feed and care for the young, to prevent sickness, to fatten, and how to make a turkey-raiser a fortune.

The Courier 1 year, Farm Journal 4 year, 1 book, all for \$1.50

CORRESPONDENCE

BLAZE

Deputy U. S. Marshals came into our midst and captured another moon-shine still with its operators. Come again, boys; they are still more.

J. M. Perry is attending Circuit Court this week.

Waiter Perry spent two days at West Liberty this week.

John Milt Cassidy, of Yale, visited Sam G. Ellington and other friends and relatives in this community this week.

T. H. Perry went to Charleston W. Va., on business recently.

DITONIAN

DINGUS

The owners of the land through which the gas pipe line will go, received their pay last week for the right of way.

Elders A. L. Gillum and B. H. Ferguson attended the Elizabeth church in Lawrence County Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. R. L. Stevenson, of Vanceburg, was guest of the writer one night last week Bro. Stevenson is conducting a meeting this week at Florence.

Elmer Conley, little son of M. F. Conley, cut his foot with an ax, inflicting a severe wound.

U. S. Fraley had business at West Liberty Monday.

Cecil Day, of Elk Fork, is here representing Perry Nursery Co. Rochester, N. Y.

SLAB

The Country Minister.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will, during the Institute, stage a play of the above name to help with the \$500 pledge toward the new church. Miss Leona Belle Carter has the management of the play. Time and place will be given later.

W. W. McGuire, of Jackson, is attending Circuit Court.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Morgan County National Bank

of Cannel City, in the State of Kentucky, at the close of business,

June 14, 1912.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$ 90,149.22
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	632.69
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	1,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	500.00
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	885.05
Due from approved Reserve Agents	38,772.55
Checks and other Cash Items	67.19
Notes of other National Banks	2,345.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	371.11
Lawful Money in Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie, \$5,887.80; Legal Tender Notes, \$2,760.00	\$ 8,647.80
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	1,230.00
Total	\$170,120.61

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	2,198.46
National Bank Notes outstanding	25,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	89,442.15
Demand certificates of deposit	7,480.00
United States deposits	1,000.00
Total	\$170,120.61

State of Kentucky, County of Morgan, ss:

I, Custer Jones, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CUSTER JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20 day of June, 1912.

C. W. LESLIE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

M. L. Conley, S. M. Freese, J. D. Whiteaker, Directors.

SLAB

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W. W. McGuire, of Jackson, is attending Circuit Court.

For Artistic Job Printing

Anything made with Type on Paper

The Courier, of course

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER, of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD, of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK, of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON, of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce T. N. BARKER, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

That snarl of T. R.'s had its effect alright.

You Republicans who don't want to take choice between Teddy and Taft are cordially invited to come over and vote with the Democrats this fall.

The Republicans are taking an undue advantage of us this year. They have "done gone" and nominated two men for president. It's not fair to double-team on us in that way.

Judge A. J. Kirk, of Paintsville, addressed the people of Morgan County in the interest of his candidacy for Appellate Judge Monday. His argument, as was expected, was forceful, logical and to the point. If there were any doubts beforehand that Judge Kirk was of Appellate Judgeship calibre there were none remaining after he had finished his speech. We made the assertion before Judge Winn declined to make the race that the sentiment of Morgan county was largely for Judge Kirk. Since Judge Winn has gone out of the race we feel free to assert that there cannot be found in all the county, one hundred Republicans who will register their votes against Judge Kirk in the August primary. That the nomination is due the Big Sandy jurist is our honest conviction. That he will be nominated we haven't a shadow of doubt. We are equally sanguine that the Republicans will act wisely when they honor him with this nomination. It is not our province to preach harmony to the Republican party but is our humble judgment it is a monumental piece of folly for Hon. Theodore Blakey to oppose Judge Kirk for this nomination. Twisting the hackneyed expression about

an irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable body we would say that this is a case of an immovable body being confronted with a force that is easily resistable, if Mr. Blakey's candidacy can be called a force at all. Judge Kirk is too strongly entrenched in the hearts of the people of the 7th Appellate District for Mr. Blakey's candidacy to give him much concern. His political record is, to say the least consistent. Concerning Mr. Blakey's political record we will refrain from comment, leaving the story for others to tell.

GUMPTION

Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.

By L. T. HOVERMALE.

Mrs. Grundy, and Politics.

It will not be necessary, I opine, to introduce Mrs. Grundy to the COURIER readers. Everybody knows her and most people fear her. Mrs. Grundy's sole occupation is the looking after the affairs of other people. Her name is legion and in every community she is omnipresent. It's a bold soul who can fearlessly say: "Damn Mrs. Grundy!" Not that damning the old lady does any good or in the least deters her in her occupation of tearing reputations to tatters. She don't care a damn how much you damn her. Mrs. Grundy is the community. Fortunate indeed is the person who can look her in the face and fearlessly say to her: "Damn you!"

Mrs. Grundy never considers the motives that actuate a deed. If the act does not accord perfectly with her ideas of propriety, the most sinister of motives are ascribed. She can see no good in an act that shatters one of the conventions of the artificial social code. Mrs. Grundy has neither morals nor religion. She is too busy. But the abject fear with which she is regarded by most people is pitiful.

Your character is your own, your reputation belongs to Mrs. Grundy. The person who builds character well may smile at the rough-handling of his reputation.

Early in life I became so hardened in my upright ways that the breaking of a few of the conventionalities has never been a serious matter with me. In fact I think that the keenest pleasures of my life have been in the bustle through some of Mrs. G's "Thou shalt not's." I seldom swear unless I feel so disposed. By nature I am as gentle and tractable as Oppen's Maud of comic paper fame, and the gentle little ecclesiastical expletives that find their way into this column are just reminders to Mrs. G. that any old time I can stand eye to eye and tell her to go to h—Gehenna. Let's talk politics.

It would be ungenerous to say to Teddy, "I told you so." Having never been able to satisfy my mind as to whether Roosevelt is a patriot or a charlatan, a statesman or a demagogue, I am willing to give him the benefit

of the doubt and consider the good he has accomplished. His courage in leading the revolt against a political party that is openly and shamelessly the protector of the predatory interests in their legalized robbery and at the same time the most perfect political machine in existence, is magnificent. For the destruction of that party of plutocracy the world will owe a debt of gratitude to Theodore Roosevelt. He is the instrument in the hand of Fate to say "valedictorian" to a party that has no longer an excuse for existing.

It does not require prophetic vision to see that the good year 1912 will witness the end of the political organization known as the Republican party. Whether the assumption of power by the Democratic party will bring relief remains to be seen. But no thoughtful person can fail to read in the result of the Chicago convention the doom of all political parties that fail to heed the cry for relief that wells up from the toiling masses. The most radical change in the attitude of the government toward labor is the least that will satisfy the toilers.

Capitalism is making its last fight. Its end is near. Before the end of the present decade the capitalistic elements of the two dominant parties will have been forced into a coalition under a new name to combat Socialism, and Socialism will win. A revolution is in progress that will obliterate party names and prejudices and there will be a new alignment of the people upon issues that are vital. And Roosevelt has given definite course to the revolution. In revolutions new political alignments are formed in a moment and governments change in a day.

This year is pregnant with portentous events.

Caleb Junior Joe Hatten

Will make the season of 1912 at SIX (\$6.00) to DOLLARS insure a living colt. The season will be made at John Carter's stable, West Liberty Ky., on Friday and Saturday of each week, the remainder of the time at my stable at Elam, Ky.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

W. T. ELAM, ELAM, KY.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing the work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

A Card.

This is to certify that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lungs. H. L. Blomquist, Esdaile, Wis., says his wife considers Foley's Honey and Tar Compound the best cough cure on the market. "She has tried various kinds but Foley's gives the best result of all." The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. For Sale by all Dealers.

\$25.00 Reward

The above reward will be paid to any person who will arrest Ott Hunt and deliver him to the jailer of Morgan county, Ky. This reward will be good until the first day of June term of Morgan Circuit Court.

H. B. BROWN, Sheriff Morgan County.

Each age of our lives has its joys. Old people should be happy, and they will be if Chamberlain's Tablets are taken to strengthen the digestion and keep the bowels regular. These tablets are mild and gentle in their action and especially suitable for people of middle age and older. For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE.

Section 21 of the Ordinances and By-laws of the town of West Liberty make it unlawful for any person to throw or leave any thing liable to decompose, or throw hay, straw, manure, shavings, paper or other combustible matter, or filth or noxious slops on any street, alley or sidewalk of the town, and imposes a fine not to exceed \$10 for each offence.

Notice is hereby give that this law will be rigidly enforced, and the citizens of West Liberty are urged to help in its enforcement.

106-4t. D. C. LEWIS, T. M.

Charles Sable, 30 Cook St., Rochester, N. Y. says he recommends Foley's Kidney Pills at every opportunity because they gave him prompt relief from a bad case of kidney trouble that had long bothered him. Such a recommendation, coming from Mr. Sable, is direct and convincing evidence of the great curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills. The genuine Foley Kidney Pills are never sold in bulk, but put up in sealed bottles, enclosed in a yellow carton. Ask for Foley Kidney Pills. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all Dealers.

Public Notice.

Know All Men By These Presents: That the firm of Oakley & Lykins, which has formerly been doing a general merchandise business at West Liberty, has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and all concerned shall take notice of same and act accordingly.

Respectfully,

R. M. Oakley,

One of firm.

Mrs. Lela Love, wife of Wiley Love, a farmer living near Cove, Ga., says: "I have taken Foley's Kidney Pills and find them to be all you claim them. They gave me almost instant relief when my kidneys were sluggish and inactive. I carefully recommend them to all sufferers from kidney troubles." Foley's Kidney Pills are as carefully made and as scientifically compounded as any medicine your home doctor can give you. They act directly on the kidneys and bladder. For sale by All Dealers.

Mrs. J. E. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so. "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and they saved me a big doctor bill." For weak back, backache, rheumatism, urinary and kidney troubles use Foley's Kidney Pills. They help quickly. For sale by all Dealers.

You Have Inherited a Large Fortune!

It is contained in a

Life Insurance Policy

The Insurance business is comparatively new to Eastern Kentucky. People, as a rule, have not had the time or opportunity of learning what constitutes good insurance.

We believe that you would like to know more about the business—It's honest, sane, business-like and instructive.

Write or call on us at once---To-day!
Don't put it off until it is too late!
Delays are dangerous!

S. J. YOUNG.

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YOUNG & STIVERS,
Real Estate & Insurance,
Jackson, Ky.

"You don't have to die to win."

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Staple & Fancy Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best. Soft Drinks

I have just installed a Soda Fountain and serve Ice Cream, Soda Water and Cold Drinks at all times.

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000
Surplus, (Earned) 20,000
Average Deposits, 100,000
Authorized U.S. Depository.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

M. L. C. ONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.
CUSTR JONES, Cashier.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the years named below, I, or one of my deputies, will, on
Monday, July 8, 1912,

(that being the first day of a county court) offer for sale at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., the following real estate, to satisfy the taxes against the owners.

Year.	Owner.	Poll.	Tax.	Pen. Int. & Cost.	Total
1910	Elam, James H	\$0 50	\$ 1 25	\$ 0 35	\$ 3 10
1910	Elam, J S		5 00	4 77	11 77
1911	"		5 00	4 76	11 76
"	Carter, Sam F	1 50	3 00	1 36	5 86
"	Bryant, Isabelle		2 50	1 20	3 70
"	Buckart, L C		1 20	1 10	2 30
"	Elam, J H		2 31	1 34	5 64
"	Fugate, W P	2 00	1 20	1 25	4 45
"	Davis, Thomas	2 00	4 03	1 48	7 51
"	Day, R W	1 50	2 50	1 32	5 32
"	Haney, M S		3 00	1 24	4 24
"	Helton, Isom	1 50	3 00	1 36	5 86
"	Hutson, Raney		1 50	1 12	2 62
'09-11	Johnson, Wm M C		49 20	8 44	57 74
1911	Lykins, P L dog \$1	1 50	3 00	1 44	6 94
1911	Lykins, W D	1 50	4 00	1 44	6 94
1910-11	Lykins, Willie	1 50	3 80	1 20	6 50
1911	Lykins, W H	1 50	1 40	1 23	4 13
"	Oney, E W		50	1 04	1 54
"	Stacy, W A	2 00	1 50	1 28	4 78
"	Sebastain, J C	1 50	2 05	1 23	4 83
1910	Sebastain, Jno. H	1 00	2 00	1 42	4 42
1911	"	"	1 50	8 00	11 26
1910	Sebastain, W A	"	3 00	1 56	5 56
1911	Stacy, W L dog \$1	2 00	90	1 31	5 20
1910	Wheeler, M L		1 85	1 16	3 14
1911	"		2 85	1 23	4 08
1910	" M J		5 00	1 70	6 70
1911	"		5 25	1 42	6 67
1910	Williams, E W	1 00	6 65	1 97	8 63
1911	Walters, C T	1 50	5 47	1 55	8 45
1911	Allen, W H	50	3 40	1 20	3 10
1909	Brown, J D	2 00	4 80	2 24	9 04
1910	"	2 00	4 80	2 08	8 82
1911	"	2 00	4 80	1 54	8 34
1911	Perkins, John	2 00	90	1 23	4 13
1911	Campbell, Henry	2 00	1 80	1 30	5 10
"	William, Halay		3 60	1 28	4 88
"	Marshall, Lewis H, & Co		8 00	1 24	4 24
"	Nickell, Grant		6 00	1 48	7 49
"	Bowman Realty Co		40 00	4 20	44 20
"	Heiaatt, I P & oteers		18 00	2 44	20 44
"	Smith, Wm		5 00	1 90	8 15
"	Helton, Cohiza, dog 12 00		4 00	2 56	9 56
"	Easterling, J F " 1 1 50		1 98	1 35	
"	Elam, Rhoda		4 20	1 34	
"	Gullett, Rose		1 00	1 08	
"	Lykins, J W	1 50	1 00	1 20	
1910	Lykins, G C	1 50	3 50	1 70	
1911	"		1 50		

H. B. B.

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great feast and saves the lady of the Blended Rose from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a waiter, and Lawrence is urged over his partner, Mrs. Mortimer, (the lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and rangers arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house and that she was in command of the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber where Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

I was a wreck in body and mind, my face streaked with earth, my hair filled with dirt, my clothing torn and disreputable. Laboring for breath, my fingers raw and bleeding, I lay there, with scarcely enough strength remaining to keep from rolling to the bottom of the ravine. For some moments I was incapable of either thought or action, every ounce of energy having been expended in that last desperate struggle. I lay panting, with eyes closed, hardly realizing that I was in a cell. Then, as I lay there, my heart came back into regularity of beat, and my brain into command. My eyes opened, and I shuddered with horror, as I recognized that dismal opening into the side of the hill. Clinging to the tree trunk I attained my feet, still aching from weakness, and was thus able to glance about over the edge of the bank, and gain some conception of my immediate surroundings. It was early dawn, the eastern sky that shade of pale gray which precedes the sun, a few, white, fleecy clouds sailing high above, already tinged with red reflection. I must have been in that earth prison since the morning of the previous day; it seemed longer, yet even that explanation of time proved that those who had imprisoned me there had left me to die. God! I couldn't believe that—not of her! Clear as the evidence appeared, I yet fought down the thought bitterly, creeping on hands and knees over the edge of the bank, to where I could sit on the grass, and gaze about in the growing light. The house was to the left, an apple orchard between, and a low fence enclosing a garden. I could gain but glimpses of the mansion through the intervening trees, but it was large, imposing, a square, old-fashioned house, painted white, with green shutters. It appeared deserted, and no spirals of smoke ascended from the kitchen chimney. Apparently not even the servants were yet stirring. However, there was smoke showing farther to the right, but I had to move before I could see the cause clearly—the smoldering remains of what must have been a large fire. I advanced in that direction, skirting the orchard, and a row of negro cabins. These were deserted, the doors open, and two of them exhibited evidences of fire. A storehouse had its door battered in, a huge timber, evidently used as a ram, lying across the threshold, and many of the boxes and barrels within had been smashed with axes. The ground all about had been trampled by horses' hoofs, and only a smoldering fragment of the stables remained.

I stood about perplexed, unable to decipher the meaning of such destruction. Surely Grant would never dare such a deed with his unarmed force. Besides Elmhurst was the property of a loyalist, and the colonel of his regiment. Not even the madness of anger would justify so wanton an act. Whatever the mystery I could never hope to solve it loitering there; the house itself would doubtless reveal the story, and I turned in that direction, skirting the fence, yet exercising care, for there might still remain defenders within, behind those green blinds, to mistake me for an enemy. I saw nothing, no sign of life, as I circled through the trees of the orchard, and came out upon the grass-plot facing the front porch. The sun was up now, and I could perceive each detail. There was a smashed window on the right, a green shutter hanging dejectedly on one hinge; the great front door stood wide open, and the body of a dead man lay across the threshold, a dark stain of blood ex-

The Queen's Rangers.

A bullet had struck the hand rail, shattering one of the supports, and the broad steps were scarred and splintered. The man lay face upward, his feet inside the hallway, one side of his head crushed in. He was roughly dressed in woolen shirt and patched moccasins, and wore gold hoops in his ears, his complexion dark enough for a mulatto, with hands seared and twisted. Surely the fellow was no soldier; he appeared more to me like one who had followed the sea. I stepped over his body, and glanced the length of the hall. The chandelier was shattered, the glass gleaming underfoot, the stair rail broken into a jagged splinter, and a second man, shot through the eye, rested half upright propped against the lower step. He was a sandy-bearded fellow, no better dressed than the one without, but with a belt about him, containing pistol and knife. His yellow teeth protruding gave his ghastly features a fiendish look. Beyond him a pair of legs stuck out from behind the staircase, clad in long cavalry boots, and above these, barely showing, the green cloth of the Queen's Rangers. Then Grant had not gone when this attack was



The Body of a Dead Man Lay Across the Threshold.

made, or else he had left some men behind? I dragged the body out into the light so I might see the face—it was the Irishman who had helped in my capture.

I stood staring down at him, and about me into the dismantled room, endeavoring to clear my brain and figure all this out. It was not so difficult to conceive what had occurred, every bit of evidence pointing to a single conclusion. Grant had searched the house for Eric, and discovered no signs of his presence; whatever had subsequently happened between the girl and himself, she had not felt justified in releasing him while he and his men remained. They must have departed soon after dark, well provisioned, upon their long march toward the Delaware, leaving Elmhurst uncoupled except for its mistress and her servants. The fact that neither the lady nor Peter had opened the entrance to the secret staircase would seem to show that the attack on the house must have followed swiftly. It had been a surprise, giving those within no chance to seek for refuge. There had been a struggle at the front door; some of the assailants had achieved entrance through the window, and that had practically ended the affair.

But what had become of Peter? Of the girl? Who composed the attacking party? The Indian had been despatched to Valley Forge with my memoranda; probably Peter, the Irishman, and a negro or two were alone left to defend the house. As to the identity of the marauders, I had small doubt; their handiwork was too plainly revealed, and those two dead men remained as evidence. Rough as were British and Hessian foragers, they were seldom guilty of such wanton destruction as this. Besides this was the home of a prominent loyalist, protected from despoliation by high authority. The hellish work must have been accomplished by one or more bands of those "Pine Robbers" who infested Monmouth county, infamous devils, hiding in caves among sand hills, and coming forth to plunder and kill. Pretending to be Tories, their only purpose of organization was pillage. Even in the army the names of their more prominent leaders were known, such as Red Fagin, Debow, West and Carter, and many a tale of horror regarding their depredations had I heard told around the campfire. These came back to memory as I gazed about those lower rooms, dreading my next discovery, half crazed to think that Claire Mortimer might be helpless in their ruthless grasp. Better death a thousand times than such a fate.

I pushed forward into the rooms of the lower floor, more than ever impressed by their original magnificence. Now, however, they were all confusion, furniture broken and flung aside, walls hacked, dishes smashed into fragments. The scene was sickening in its evidence of wanton hate. Yet I found no more bodies, or proof of further resistance. In what must have been Mistress Claire's private apartment I stood with beating heart staring at the ruin disclosed. The large closet had been swept clean, garments slashed with knives, and left in rags; drawers turned upside down in search after jewels; the very curtains torn from the windows. It was a scene of vandalism of which vagabonds alone would be guilty.

I stepped across the pile of things to the window, glancing out at the still smoldering ruins of the stable. Whatever had occurred, neither the lady nor Peter remained about the house. Of this I was satisfied, yet with the realization there came a sudden comprehension of my own helplessness to be of any aid.

From the window where I stood not a house was visible. Just beyond the orchard the roads forked, a well-traveled branch circling to the left, and disappearing over the edge of a hill. As I traced it with my eyes a con-

siderable body of mounted men suddenly appeared on the summit. Without fear that they could see me at that distance I watched eagerly as they trotted down the long slope. They were plainly a squadron of British Dragoons, their arms and cross-belts shining in the sun, in spite of the dust kicked up by their horses' hoofs.

I waited until convinced they were coming to the house, before drawing back out of sight. It was difficult to decide what was best for me to do. Should I wait, trusting to my rough clothing, and pass myself off as a countryman, or take advantage of the brief time left in which to escape? If I essayed the first choice I could explain the situation, and start these troopers on the trail; if not they might fail to understand and side on thoughtlessly. What was a body of mounted men were doing in the neighborhood I could merely guess at—either they were riding through to New York on some matter of importance, or else had been sent out hurriedly to discover what had become of Delavan's foragers. This supposition was the more likely, and they had taken the wrong road, thus missing Grant and his men in the darkness.

The must have cut through the orchard, leaping the low fence, for I heard the thud of hoofs even as I drew back into the upper hall. Then a voice gave a sharp command. "Circle the men about the house, Simmons. There is something wrong here, and I saw a fellow at that upper window as we came down the hill. Move quick, now!"

I must face them, and went forward to the head of the stairs, anticipating an easy explanation of my presence within. Already quite a squad was inside the front door bending over the bodies and staring about curiously.

"Pine Robbers, eh, colonel?" said one contemptuously. "That fellow has outdone written all over him. Don't see any signs of our men here."

"Queen Ranger lying back of the stairs, sir," reported a soldier briefly; "Irish lookin' mug."

The man addressed as colonel, a Ranger himself from his green uniform, looked up quickly and saw me. He called out an order, and three or four men sprang up the stairs, grasping and leading me down. I made no resistance, not realizing I was in any danger. The colonel, a tall man with gray mustache and goatee, and dark, searching eyes, faced me sternly.

"What are you doing here, sir? Come, speak up! What does all this mean?" and he swept his hand about in gesture.

"I came along about thirty minutes ago," I explained, beginning to appreciate my situation, from the suspicious glances cast at me, and recalling how disreputable my appearance must be. "I found things just as they are now, sir. There's been a fight and robbery."

"That's plain to be seen; are these all the bodies?"

"Yes, sir, but the house is upside down from end to end."

"You saw no one? No British soldiers?"

I shook my head, conscious of the fierce grip with which I was being held. A couple of the men dragged out the body from behind the stairs, and as the face came into the light, the colonel's eyes saw it. I heard the sharp breath expelled through his lips, as he stared down into those ghastly features.

"Good Lord! Mike! What in the name of heaven does this mean? He was supposed to be with Claire!"

"There must be some mistake, Colonel Mortimer," insisted the other officer gravely. "Perhaps we can get the truth out of this bumpkin, if we take the lash to him."

I understood in a flash, and as swiftly chose a course of action. This gray-headed colonel was her father, and I would serve her in this emergency without thought of my own danger. No threat of a whip would open my lips, but memory would.

"Come, you dog!" burst out the colonel fiercely. "You know more than you have told. Speak up, or we'll skin you alive."

"I will, Colonel Mortimer," I said, looking him straight in the eyes. "Not because of your threats, but because I wish to serve you. Now I know who you are, and I will tell you all I know about this whole affair."

"Was—was my daughter here?" he interrupted.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! And Eric?"

"Not to my knowledge—there was a man called Peter, this fellow, and a black slave or two. They were all I saw."

"But why should Claire have been here," he asked as though dazed, "unless she came to meet her brother? I supposed her safe in the city."

"I do not pretend to understand the cause of her presence. But if you listen to my story perhaps you may know what to do." I paused an instant to get a grip on my thoughts. I need not tell all, confess my identity, or mention my personal relations with the daughter. "I am a soldier, Colonel Mortimer, in Maxwell's brigade of Washington's army. What brought me here has nothing to do with the present story. I was in the fight over yonder near Mount Laurel night before last when we captured Delavan's forage train."

"What?" burst in the dragoon officer.

"Was Delavan defeated, then? Hadn't Grant joined him?"

"Yes to both questions, sir. Delavan was killed, and Grant surrendered. He and his men were paroled, and started for Philadelphia last evening from here."

"From here?" incredulously. "That must be a lie, colonel, for Mount Laurel is between here and the city."

"Nevertheless, it is no lie," I retorted promptly, looking the young fool in the eyes. "I was hiding here for reasons of my own when they came tramping in along that road about the middle of the forenoon yesterday. There was near a hundred Hessians and Rangers, and two German officers, and Grant. I heard them tell Mistress Mortimer this was the nearest place where they were sure of finding provisions, and that they intended to remain until night. I don't know what happened after that, except that the officers went inside, and

the men marched around to the back to eat their breakfast."

"What became of you?"

"Oh, I had other business, and never got back along here until just at daylight this morning. Then I found things this way."

"You don't know what occurred, then?"

"No more than you do. But I've got my opinion. It's this—Grant and his fellows must have left as soon as it was dark, taking the west road, which was the cause of your missing them. It is likely from this man Mike's body, that your daughter and her party were still in the house. It couldn't have been much later when these others got here and made the attack. Mike must have fought them at the front door, but that was all the fight made; there's no sign of any struggle inside."

"Then they never got Claire," declared Mortimer positively. "That's a certainty, Seldon."

"She would have fought, sir?"

"Like a tiger. I know my little girl. And, besides, Peter would have died before the hand of one of those villains was ever laid upon her."

"But," I protested, "I have searched the house, colonel."

"I imagine your acquaintance with the house is somewhat limited," he replied coldly, turning away. "Seldon, place this fellow under guard in the library here. We will learn later what his business might be in the Jerseys."

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Cross Purposes.

It could not be considered an unpleasant place of imprisonment, yet it was useless for me to contrive any plans of immediate escape, for the door was securely locked, and two heavily armed dragoons sat within eying me rather malevolently. My attempt at approaching the window was instantly checked by a threatening gesture, and I sat down in the reading chair to await developments. The colonel must muffle my ears, however, and I heard the swift hoofbeats of an approaching horse being ridden furiously up the gravel driveway. At the door he was hastily checked, and a voice spoke peremptorily:

"Here you, take the rein!"

The fellow came up the steps hurriedly, almost ignoring the sentry at the door.

"I haven't time to stand here, you fool," he exclaimed roughly, "my uniform is past enough. I wish to see Colonel Mortimer at once—at once."

There was a pause, and then the same voice, and I recognized it now as Grant's beyond a doubt. "Ah, colonel, what in God's name has happened here? I heard that you were out hunting us at Farrell's blacksmith shop, and came back as swiftly as I could. But I never suspected this. Who were the miscreants?"

"That is a question not yet answered," Captain Grant replied Mortimer slowly. "It looks like the work of Pine Robbers. Do you recognize this fellow?"

"Ay," and from the muffled tone he must have been bending over the body. "That is 'Tough' Slims, a lieutenant of 'Red' Fagin; there's one more devil gone to hell. But when did the attack occur? We left here after dark, and all was quiet enough then. Claire—"

"She was here, then? I hardly believed it possible."

"I talked with her—quarreled with her, indeed. Perhaps that was why she refused to accompany us to Philadelphia. But what did you mean, colonel, when you said you hardly believed it possible she was here? Did some one tell you?"

"Yes; we caught a fellow the house when we arrived. He had no time for escape—rough-looking miscreant, claiming to be a Continental. We have him under guard in the library."

"He confessed to the whole story?"

"Not a word; claimed to know nothing except that Claire was here. Said he saw you, and then went away, not getting back again until this morning."

"The fellow is a liar, colonel. Let me see him; I'll lash the truth out of his lips. Where did you say he was in the library?"

I had barely time to rise to my feet when he entered. His eyes swept across the guard, and then centered upon me. Instantly they blazed with excitement, although I noticed he took a sudden step backward in the first shock of surprise, his hand dropping to the butt of a pistol in his belt.

"By all the gods!" he exclaimed sharply. "If it isn't the spy! I miss the red jacket, but I know the face, Mister Lieutenant Fortesque."

"Major Lawrence, if you please," I returned quietly.

"I've had occasion to know you under both; bearing one you were a spy, beneath the other a leader of banditti. I'll hang you with equal pleasure under either." Suddenly he seemed to remember where we were, and his face flushed with newly aroused rage. But first you'll explain what you are doing here at Elmhurst. Do you know whose home this is?"

"Most assuredly," determined not to lose my temper, or to be moved by his threats. "It is the property of Colonel Mortimer, of the Queen's Rangers."

"And—and you—you came here to again see—the daughter?" he questioned, as though half regretting the indiscretion of such a suggestion.

"Oh, no, captain; you do the lady a grave injustice. I came here a prisoner, very much against my will. Not even aware whose plantation this was. I had no suspicion that Mistress Mortimer was outside Philadelphia until I overheard your conversation with her."

"That, of course, I must naturally refuse to answer, captain. I might need to resort to the same methods again."

"There will be small chance of your having opportunity. Mortimer will hang you fast enough when I tell my tale. Don't look for mercy at his hands, for he's prouder than Lucifer of his family honor."

He was out of the door, striding down the hall, bent on carrying out his purpose. I heard his voice asking where the colonel was to be found; then the guard closed the barrier between us. Very well, of the two I would rather leave my fate to Mortimer than to him, and felt profoundly grateful that the captain was not in command. Had he been I should doubtless have been hung without the slightest formality of trial, but Mortimer would at least hear my version first; indeed, I could hardly believe he would issue so stringent orders without listening also to his daughter's story. I was an officer of rank; the consequences might prove rather serious were I to be executed summarily, and without proper trial.

I had scarcely reasoned this out, however, when a corporal thrust open the door, ordering my guard to conduct me into the colonel's presence. I was taken to the parlor, where the furniture had been somewhat rearranged, and found myself confronting Mortimer, the officer I had heard addressed as Seldon, and Grant.

"I was brought here—a prisoner. 'What!' in decided surprise. 'Prisoner to whom?'"

"I was captured by three men, dressed as Queen's Rangers, on a road some miles to the west. They made no explanation, although I have some reason to believe I was mistaken for another. I was held in a strong room in the basement overnight."

"You were not there when I searched the house," broke in Grant hoarsely.

"No," and I turned and smiled at him. "I had been brought upstairs before you arrived."

"Then you saw your captors by daylight?"

"Two of them, yes—a man called Peter, and an Irish fellow, with a chin beard."

"What!" and Mortimer started forward. "Peter and Mike in uniform! This is beyond belief. Were they alone?"

"They were apparently under the orders of a young lieutenant—the same who had command of Delavan's advance guard. I was unable to distinguish the lad's face."

"Delavan's advance guard!" and the colonel turned toward Grant. "What do you know about this, sir? Who was he?"

The captain hesitated, shifting uneasily on his feet.

"I do not know, sir," he explained finally, driven to answer. "I merely had a glimpse of the boy when I first joined the column. I—I thought I recognized him, but was not sure."

"Who did you suppose him to be?"

"Your son, Eric, sir."

"I supposed it all a bluff," went on Grant, paying no heed to the interruption, although his cheeks flushed. "But we went at it, behind the partition, and I had pricked him twice, when the guard came up and separated us. At that the fellow took to his heels, and by God! got away—swam the Delaware, while we were beating the west shore. The next I saw of him he was in command of those ragamuffins who attacked us out yonder. Now he shows up here looting this house on the trail of 'Red' Fagin. I'd hang him offhand if it was me."

Mortimer looked across at me earnestly, but with an expression of doubt in his eyes. As for myself I hardly knew what to say or do. Grant had no corroborative proof of his assertions, unless I was returned to Philadelphia. I could emphatically deny that I was the man, insist on my right to a fair trial. But how could I account in any reasonable way for my presence at Elmhurst, or even successfully sustain my claim to being a Continental officer. I could not tell Colonel Mortimer that I had been taken prisoner by his daughter, masquerading as a lieutenant of dragoons. Apparently he knew nothing of this escape, and she would scarcely forgive me for exposure; besides, for all I knew to the contrary, the girl might have thus been attempting to serve the colonies, and a word of betrayal might seriously injure our cause. All this flashed over me before Mortimer spoke.

"Have you any proofs, sir, that you are an officer of Maxwell's brigade?"

"Not here," and I glanced down at my rough clothing, "yet with a little delay that could be easily ascertained."

"On what service are you in the Jerseys?"

"I must decline to answer."

"Were you in Philadelphia, wearing British uniform three days ago?"

"If I should say no, it would be merely my word against Captain Grant—you would doubtless prefer to believe him."

Grant whispered in his ear, the colonel listening quietly.

"I am informed that you have already acknowledged being concealed in this house yesterday."

"I have, sir."

"Did anyone know of your presence here?"

"I was brought here—a prisoner. 'What!' in decided surprise. 'Prisoner to whom?'"

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"Your son, Eric, sir."

(Continued next week.)

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Women Not Patrons at Bar.
They tried an experiment at a new hotel in New York which failed so utterly as to prove at least to the manager of the hotel that women do not care to drink alone or with other women. Tea excepted, of course. When the hotel opened there was a dainty bar fitted up exclusively for feminine patrons. It was presided over by a courtly English butler, and every last detail was carefully planned to meet the approval of women. To the manager's intense surprise, however, when he gathered upon the delicate glasses and tempting bottles on the pretty shelves. Nobody came. The room was popular, but the bar was forsaken. Hastily the manager made some changes. Then it was rededicated, this time to men.

Practical Church Work.
In order to get into personal touch with their flock, the two athletic clergymen in charge of a well-known Anglican church in Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, have resorted to most original methods. The vicar, when challenged to a footrace by two local fishermen, the other day, said: "If I win, will you undertake to attend my church?" The bargain was made, the vicar conceded five yards in 150 on Scarborough sands, and won pulling up. He also met and defeated other athletes, who had won races at the fishermen's sports. The vicar's colleague frequently goes to sea with the fishermen on steam trawlers, and spends two or three days at a time with them.

Plucky Are the Women.
Are women, as a general proposition, less losers? It is they who bear in the end the losses which the masculine speculator accepts with such outward cheerfulness. Women in countless instances see the man they have sworn to love, honor and cherish fall by the wayside, yet they stick to him. They see the family fortune swept away by some imprudence not their own, but of which they suffer the pinching consequences. They endure pain, disease, the loss of children, the blasting of social ambitions, as few men can endure such inequalities of fortune, and indeed play a losing game with a fortitude that commands masculine respect.—New York World.

Lion's Death Made Spectacle.
The lion D'Artagnan, the most ferocious animal in any French menagerie, is dead. He had mauled so many trainers that it was difficult to find anyone willing to enter his cage, so it was decided to shoot him; but he died gloriously in the open, in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris. D'Artagnan was sold to a cinematograph company, taken to the forest, and set free. He was climbing a rock, when he noticed a horse tied to a tree. While the animal trembled with terror the lion crept up and crouched for a spring. But at that moment a picturesque cowboy ran forward, raised his rifle, fired, and the lion fell dead.

Method of Modern Physician.
A famous physician who was particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients was waited on by an army man, who was polished off in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel P., speak of you." "What?" exclaimed the physician, "are you Dick's son?" "Certainly." "My dear fellow," said the doctor, "filing that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

Father Had Been There.
"Good morning, Miss—ah—fath—that is—" begins the new son-in-law. "Now, Jim," smiles the bride's father, "I know just how you feel. I felt like forty kinds of a fool when I first tried to call my father-in-law 'Father,' and I said right then that if I ever had a son-in-law I'd not give him the same worry. You call me 'Mister' or 'Say' or 'Bill,' or anything else you like, until the time comes when it will be natural for you to address me as 'Grandpa.'—Life.

Nevada and Italy.
In area, Nevada and Italy are nearly the same—Nevada, 110,700 square miles; Italy, 110,550 square miles. Italy has a population of 32,425,000. Nevada, \$1,875, or less than seven-eighths of a person to the square mile. Rhode Island has 509 persons to the square mile, and if Nevada was as thickly populated as the little New England commonwealth it would have nearly 66,000,000 people within its borders.

Breaking It Gently.
"Good morning, Mrs. McCann," said an Irish laborer to a lady at the wash tub. "An' the top of the mornin' to you, Mister Mullin," she replied. "O' t'ough," said he, "O'ld shpe in 't'ay 'ure husban' has shopped shmoekin' Mrs. McCann." "Saints be praised! It's seventy-five cents a mont' he'll be sayin'." "O'f'm layin' bet's he won't," said Mr. Mullin. "He wor lightin' his pipe in the powder factory an' he dropped the match."

Conversational Strategy.
"I observe that you never contradict any theory that Mr. Hefybrance advances." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he's likely to get through talking much sooner if you don't break in and suggest new topics."

Just before going to press a dispatch was received from Lexington via Cannel City, that Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, had been elected temporary Chairman of the Baltimore Convention.

County Superintendent, T. N. Barker is attending the State Teacher's Association at Louisville.

Senator's Little Innovation.
A senator from Kentucky was one day walking down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said, "Ah, Senator, how do you do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?" "Yes," said the senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'E. P.' in the corner?" "Oh, that's the correct thing, you know," said the young man, "when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person." Next day it was the senator who met the young gentleman, and accosted him with the question, "Did you get my card?" I called on you this morning." "Yes," was the reply, "but what in the world did you mean, senator, by writing 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner? That's something new, isn't it?" "Oh, no," said the senator, "that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

Astronomical Discovery.
One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred sixteen minutes earlier than when it was in the farthest part; whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that light was not instantaneous, and consequently took sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about two hundred million miles, thus giving to light a velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.

Not to Be Intimidated.
In a certain New York town there lived an eccentric character whom every one called "Uncle Hl." In his old age Uncle Hl. "experienced religion," and one night was asked to lead the prayer meeting. As he could neither read nor write, the request might easily have daunted him had he been a less courageous man. But Uncle Hl. was not one to be daunted. Very solemnly he rose and drawing his unusually tall form to its greatest height said: "Brethren, sing the one thousandth Psalm." After a silence, broken only by an occasional titter, some one said: "There aren't as many as that." "Sing as many as there be, then!" thundered Uncle Hl.—Youth's Companion.

Chasing Burglars With Light.
Darkness is necessary under ordinary circumstances to enable a burglar to carry on his work. One of the engineers of a large electric lighting company has devised a system of emergency lighting for residences by which the turning of a master switch at the head of the bed turns on the lights all over the house. These lights may be ordinarily operated by their respective switches in the usual way, but in case the master switch is turned on they cannot be turned off by means of the individual switches. This means, of course, that once the master switch has been thrown, any intruder in the house must beat a retreat.

Carnegie's First Library.
When Andrew Carnegie was a mere lad in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, he with the other boys of the old First ward, Allegheny, Pa., now the North Side, Pittsburg, had for many years the use of the private library of a Major Anderson. Mr. Carnegie, while speaking at the installation of his libraries, often said that much of his success was due to the influence of the books obtained in this library, and that when he became wealthy the building of the Allegheny Free library was one of his first acts.

Three Days in Open Boat on Sea.
Two French seaweed cutters, a man and a woman, had a trying experience recently. They had been gathering seaweed near St. Malo, off the coast of France, in a small boat and being unable to make land, remained in the English channel for three days and three nights. They eventually drifted into Plemonet bay, Jersey, completely exhausted. They had had no food except a crust of bread, and were wet through and very weak.

Depended on the Kind.
He was a good American banker, and his son was studying art abroad. In course of time he received this cable from the London bank where he had deposited an account to his son's name: "Your son has drawn a little draft on you for 20,000. Shall I honor it?" Hot over the cable went back this answer: "If it's those little French things, all right. If it's pounds send him home."

How It Started.
It is a not unreasonable supposition that many, if not most, quarrels are like that described in the Washington Star. "So you and your husband are always quarrelling?" asked the lawyer. "Yes," answered the young woman. "What do you quarrel about?" "I forget the subject of the first quarrel. But we have been quarrelling ever since over who was to blame for it."

Barber's Odd Duties.
Many barbers in Egypt are government servants. According to an edict issued by Ibrahim Pasha in 1848, village barbers were ordered to examine all dead bodies and register the necessary particulars.

Base Ball.
West Liberty, VS
Graham's Camps,
July 4, on West Liberty
Diamond.

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We pay express charges on 4 quarts or over					We pay express charges on 1 Gal. or over				
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	1 qt	4 qts	8 qts	12 qts	1 qt	1 gal	2 gal	3 gal	
Old Darling	\$0.95	\$3.75	\$7.35	\$10.50	Peach and Honey	55	2.15	4.10	6.00
Limestone	1.00	3.95	7.75	11.50	Fine Apricot Brandy	65	2.50	4.75	7.00
Diamond Edge	1.00	3.95	7.75	11.50	BRANDIES				
Mellwood	1.00	3.95	7.75	11.50	Apple Brandy XX	60	2.25	4.30	6.25
Sam Clay	1.00	3.95	7.75	11.50	Apple Brandy XXX	65	2.50	4.75	7.00
Denmark	1.00	3.95	7.75	11.50	Apple Brandy Va	75	3.00	5.75	7.50
Overholt Rye	1.00	3.95	7.99	12.00	Triangle Cal. Apple				
Queen of Lexington	95	3.70	7.25	9.90	Brandy 100 proof 100	4.00	7.75	11.50	
Old Taylor	1.10	4.35	8.50	12.50	Triangle Cal. Peach				
Bond & Lillard	1.10	4.35	8.50	12.50	Brandy 100 proof 100	4.00	7.75	11.50	
Thos. Moore, Rye	1.00	3.95	7.90	12.00	Triangle Cal. Grape				
Green River	1.10	4.35	8.60	12.50	Brandy 100 proof 100	4.00	7.75	11.50	
Large, Monongahela Pure Rye	6.65	4.50	8.75	22.50	GINS				
BARREL GOODS					Gin XX	55	2.25	4.35	6.35
Call City	0.55	\$2.15	\$4.10	\$6.00	Gin XXX	65	2.75	5.25	7.50
Old Cabinet	60	2.25	4.30	6.25	Crown Gin	80	3.20	6.00	9.00
Old Wm. Tarr	75	3.00	5.75	7.50	Holland Gin 100				
Mellwood	75	3.00	5.75	7.50	proof	1.00	4.00	7.75	11.50
Sam Clay	75	3.00	5.75	7.50	Globe Dry Gin	1.00	4.00	7.75	11.50
Diamond Edge	1.00	3.50	6.75	10.00	Grain Alcohol 183				
Kentucky Gentl'm'n	75	3.00	5.75	8.50	proof	1.00	3.90	7.60	11.25
Amick Springs	75	3.00	5.75	8.50	Grain Alcohol 4X				
Conrad's Fine Malt					High Proof	75	2.95	5.70	7.45
Whisky	85	3.20	6.10	9.00	WINES				
Denmark Finest					Virginia Dare, Scup-				
Quality, 10 yr old	1.00	4.00	7.75	11.50	permon	65	2.50	4.75	6.75
Josselson Bros. '88					Ohio Port or Black-				
Special 10 yr old	1.10	4.25	8.25	12.00	berry Wine		1.50	2.90	4.25
Mountain Corn	55	2.15	4.10	6.00	California Wine, Cal-				
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Sunny South Corn					California Port High Grade	2.25	4.30	6.25	
100 proof	85	3.20	6.25	9.00	Sherry Wine, California				
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remedy for coughs					Imported Port or Sherry,				
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down the throat of a "croupy" chicken destroys the worms and saves the chick's life. A few drops in the drinking water.
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WEST-BOUND.		No. 1	No. 3
		Daily	Daily
Ly. Quicksand	12:15 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Jackson	5:05 a.m.	1:50
O. & K. Junction	5:10	1:55
Atchison	5:15	2:00
Beattyville	5:20	2:05
Toronto	5:25	2:10
Campion Junction	5:30	2:15
Clay City	5:35	2:20
L. & E. Junction	5:40	2:25
Winchester	5:45	2:30
Ar. Lexington	5:50	2:35

EAST-BOUND.		No. 2	No. 4
		Daily	Daily
Ly. Lexington	1:35 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Winchester	2:17	8:05
L. & E. Junction	2:33	8:18
Clay City	2:45	8:30
Campion Junction	2:47	8:32
Toronto	2:50	8:35
Beattyville	2:53	8:38
Atchison	2:55	8:40
O. & K. Junction	2:57	8:42
Jackson	2:59	8:44
Ar. Quicksand	3:01	8:46

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If you have property to sell, list it with us.
West Liberty offers splendid opportunities for investment. A live, growing town, good school, natural gas, surrounding territory good farming, near vast coal deposits, on Licking river.
Property steadily advancing in price. Let us serve you.

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